

finding reasons not to leave by charjace

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Summary:

friends don't stand playing with their keys

finding reasons not to leave

Author's Note:

based on the song; friends don't by maddie and tae

It had started over a year ago when he went over to his friend's house after leaving his own, but in all honesty, he's lying when he says that because it started years ago – it had started a few months after they meet and become friends. If he were truly honest with himself, *that* is when it had truly started when they were six years old and he was the only one who never made fun of him, never called him any of those names and just held him and helped him. That is where it truly had started, if he **had** to be honest and if you asked all his other friends, they'd tell you they'd seen it as they grew up. That they'd seen it coming and were just waiting for that *shoe* to fall but it didn't until they were *way* into their late twenties, almost thirty.

Way into his twenties and he was married to a woman who he doesn't believe he truly *loved* , but it was a safety net for him. A net to tell himself that he was *okay*, that he was living life right despite the constant feeling that something was *missing* , of the constant worry that something just wasn't right and he was living some kind of lie. Late into his twenties and he's crying on his best friend's couch as he tells him what he's going through.

"I told Myra I wanted a divorce," Eddie says through a few tears, he's wringing his hands together as he tries to work out how he's going to go about it. None of this was easy, the divorce, the *confession* that is moments away from falling from his lips. "She didn't like it, my mother *hates* the idea of it. Mother warned me against it, but... I can't keep doing this Bill."

"Doing what Eddie?" Bill questions, his voice soft and slow as he moves so he can pull Eddie into his side. Eddie's head falls right onto Bill's shoulder, a safe place.

"Pretending," He whispers, bringing a hand up to wipe at the tears that were falling down his face. "I don't love her; I never *could* love her. Or..." He sucks in a deep breath before slowly letting it out, "Or

any woman. Bill... I'm gay."

Bill pulls away slightly, and Eddie is scared for a moment that Bill was hating on him, *judging* him – after all these years, Eddie's found the thing to make Bill break. So, when Bill is wrapping Eddie into a proper hug, holding Eddie tightly like there was nothing else in the world but them, Eddie broke down harder. Crying into Bill's shoulder, fingers clutching into the shirt Bill was wearing as Bill kept saying *it's okay, it's going to be alright*.

That night, he had stayed at Bill's and Bill had helped him with moving into the small apartment that Eddie searched for before he decided to give Myra the divorce papers.

There were months of fighting, of Eddie trying desperately for Myra to sign the papers and her trying to convince him that he needed her. He didn't need her, he didn't need his mother – he needed his friends who were always there for him, helping through each step of the divorce. He always brought one along to any of the meetings, his friends were his *true* safety net. Most of the time, though – he brought Bill and he couldn't say why, nor does he really know why Bill always seemed to have time for it. But, finally the papers were all signed and he was free of Myra.

He's in his home, a little drunk but he couldn't help it. He wanted to drown out his mother's words he had heard earlier when he had been over at her place. He had told her that it was official, that he and Myra weren't together anymore.

Why Eddie-Bear? You were so good, she was good for you.

No she wasn't mommy, He hadn't known why he slipped that in, maybe it was because he was feeling scared and like he was a child again. She always knew how to bring it out in him, his inner child, his deepest fears.

What are you talking about?

Mommy I can't love her.

I don't understand Eddie, maybe you'll find another girl for you. You're

still young, but no one will -

No! I won't find another girl, I won't. I'll find a guy mum.

What?

I am gay! Is that the sickness? Mommy? Is it? The sickness you say I had, that I have? Is it?

You haven't been taking your medication have you dear, let me call-

Mother! No! I – You can't accept this can you?

Your just getting sick is all Eddie-Bear.

Mum, please...

He had left her place with tears in his eyes, and he didn't know what to do – so he went to the liquor store and bought a bottle of whiskey before going home. But it was growing late now, and he didn't know what to do, the alcohol wasn't working as his mother's words just kept repeating back over, and over in his mind no matter how much he drunk. Her words just getting louder with each sip he took. Then, he finds himself picking up his phone and dialing Bill's number.

Bill might not pick up, he might be asleep and that would be okay with Eddie, he'd be fine with just hearing the voicemail and Eddie can't explain *why* he feels that way. Or how he knows that just *that* would be enough. That would be enough to drown at his mother's voice in his head. It rings a few times, then there was that tale tell sign of it being picked up and Eddie hears a soft, sleepy, "Hello?"

"Did I wake you?" Eddie asks as he walks over to his bed, taking a seat on it and pulling his legs in on himself. "Sorry."

"Hey, don't be. Are you okay?" Bill's voice says back, and Eddie smiles to himself a little.

"Um... not really. I told my mother, and um..." Eddie trails off, not being able to find the words he wants right now. On the other end, he can hear shuffling as if Bill was getting out of bed and walking

around. "She... She thinks I'm sick. This was my sickness, Billy. All this time I..."

"Eddie," Bill's voice spoke into the phone, causing Eddie to close his mouth and listen to Bill. "You listen to me okay. You are not *sick*, you like guys, so *what*. Do you want me to come over?"

"You don't have to do that," Eddie replies, but he knows he wouldn't mind it if Bill did. In fact, he would welcome it, but it was the middle of the night and Eddie was just sad and alone, Bill didn't need to come over for that.

There are noises on the other end of the line, and Eddie wonders what Bill is up to. Even swears he hears doors opening and shutting, then he is hearing the car. Eddie didn't hang up the phone, just listening to the other end, just knowing that Bill was on the other side. They don't have to say it, Eddie knows what is happening – Bill was coming over, but neither of them dared to hang up the phone until Bill was outside his door.

It's quiet, a comfortable silence as they just lay on Eddie's bed. He wanted to say something, but he couldn't find the right words to say. He turns on his side, facing Bill and smiling a little, "Thank you," Eddie manages in a soft whisper as he feels his eyes start to get heavy.

"Anything for you Eddie," Bill replies as he reaches a hand to brush at the few strands of hair that fall onto the side of Eddie's face, out of the way. "Get some sleep, and we'll do something tomorrow, just the two of us."

Eddie gives a small nod of his head, letting his eyes drop close and sleep over take him. In the morning, Bill made them breakfast as Eddie called in sick to work. For that whole day, the two of them spent it finding a movie to watch and going to the skating rink, where Bill held onto Eddie the whole time to make sure he didn't fall down.

It was a great feeling, and that was everything started to dawn into Eddie's mind. The thought of doing this more often with *just* Bill made his heart flutter, it made him feel like a kid again (the good

memories ; not the bad, those were tied to his bullies & mother). It made him smile like a big idiot as he stood at his doorstep with Bill who was standing there, his keys in his hand as he seemed to be trying to figure out something to say.

He watches as Bill plays with the keys in his hands, he knows Bill is stalling. Bill's been stalling ending this whole day, Eddie could tell by the way Bill drove them back to his place. He had taken the way that would be longer, not that Eddie minded – he liked spending time with Bill. After a few moments, Eddie offers for Bill to stay for dinner, that they can call in for a pizza and have a lazy night in. Bill, with a smile upon his lips agrees and walks in.

There was something, and Eddie knows it and he thinks Bill knows it too. Eddie saw it in the way Bill was holding himself, saw it in the way he would catch Bill looking over at him as they ate their pizza and watched a shitty rom-com that was playing on some stupid network. In the way Bill was close, yet there was some distance that Bill didn't know how to fill. Or if he did – he didn't know if he could.

Eddie noticed these things, because he realizes he's been doing it himself.

The movie ended, and they've finished their food and Bill was getting up, trying to find an excuse to leave, trying to find an excuse to stay. Eddie let's out a small sigh, he didn't want Bill to leave so he grabs hold of Bill's hand, smiling up at Bill when he looks back at Eddie. He pulls Bill closer to him, and Bill nearly stumbles but manages to catch himself, sitting himself down next to Eddie.

It's now, or maybe never, Eddie tells himself as he leans in to press a kiss to Bill. It was a soft, gentle almost passing kiss – and Eddie was ready to let an apology for doing it, for reading the room wrong, but stopped short when Bill leaned forward, pressing thier lips together again as he chased the kiss Eddie was pulling away from. A soft sigh of content and relief left the back of Eddie's throat as he kissed Bill back.

Eddie's hands go to rest on Bill's waist, as he feels Bill's coming up to cup his face as they kissed. None of them knew how long they had been kissing, they just know that when they finally pulled apart, they

were breathless and smiling like kids in a candy store. Eddie feels Bill rub his thumb gently across his cheek, "I love you," Eddie whispers into the room because it's true. He loves Bill, he always has, but over the years – over the past few months, it's grown and shifted. It's grown with them, and Eddie couldn't think of anyone better to give his love too than to Bill.

"I love you too," Bill whispers back, going in for another quick kiss. They find another shitty movie on, watching it absentmindedly because really, all their minds were thinking of was the man next to them, and that was enough to make them not pay attention to the movie that was playing. It was nice, simple and *so domestic*, that Eddie couldn't help but think about how he will be spending more nights like this with Bill. That was enough for Eddie to fall asleep on Bill's shoulder with a huge smile upon his face.

Author's Note:

when will i stop doing this song? never. this is my fourth fanfic inspired by this song.

anyway, this is the third of my five wip i have finished. be on the look out for a benverly falling inn love au!